Gooding

MILLIE WAS A LOVELY FRIEND - But the Family Didn't Approve.

If ther had been any skeletons hidden away in the closet of either of our respective families, Millie and I would have kept the bones rattling merrily; for there were no secrets between us. It was one of those friendships that spring up overnight like the big puff balls on the prairie after rain. There was no apparent reason for it, but it was soon firmly established, and we became almost as inseparable as the Siamese twins.

I knew that my family didn't approve of Millie, and this seemed to make me cling to her all the closer. But I had no idea what Millie's people thought of me, for my mother didn't permit me to visit the neighbors for weeks at a time as Millie's mother did.

When father looked over the top of his reading glasses, when he was reading the paper, and said, "Has anyone heard how the Harper family are getting on lately?" I knew it was time to tell Millie that I thought her mother would be worried if she didn't go home. I said, "Of course I would like to have you stay, but I couldn't bear the t ought of your mother lying awake nights worrying about you." And Millie would take the hint and leave.

Father couldn't stand the way she stared at him, and one morning after she had been watching him shave he was particularly exasperated and spoke sharply to me when she was out of hearing. He said, "I can't stand the way you two go around whispering all the time. I suppose Millie knows the size of my socks, and the size of my collar, and whether my taxes are paid up or in arrears. I suppose

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she goes home and tells them that I eat three boiled eggs for breakfast on Sunday mornings."

I said, "Don't worry about that, father. Millie told me herself that her father sometimes eats four pullet eggs for his breakfast, even on week days."

Hank and I, too, fell out over Millie, because he said she was the homeliest girl in the Northwest Territories; that she had buck teeth, and her hair was the color of the sand in the coulee on a cloudly day, and her eyes as green as the mock gooseberries that grew along its banks. Every time she came around him he made a noise like old Tartar, our cat, meowing, and then hissed between his teeth, "Scat!"

Her mother briaded her hair so tight it made her eyes look as though they were popping, and we always lingered in the cloakroom at school a few minutes while I loosened the hair around the base of the tight braids -- blousing it, we called it -- so she could think properly.

I defended Millie stoutly, and fought for her, because she wasn't very popular with the other pupils.

My mother was reading a novel one day called "Thorns and Orange Blossoms," and Millie, whose curiosity had been aroused by the title wanted to know if my mother had found any thorns in her wreath of orange blossons when she got married.

Mother said, "Oh, yes, Millie, quite a few. Everybody does. But I hide mine, and never let anyone see them."

I assured Millie again and again that I had seen my mother's wreath many times, but I had never seen the thorns among them; but Millie

was not satisfied, and gave me no peace until I promised that some day when my mother was out we would search for the thorns just to see what they were like. The opportunity arrived one day when father and mother went to the trading post, taking part of the family, and leaving only Millie and me and Hank and Alfie, who was the baby, at home.

Hank rode away on the pony, so we felt perfectly safe in beginning the search. Alfie was crawling around the floor as we took the wedding finery out of the big trunk and laid it on the bed. I knew I was taking a great liberty, for we were never permitted to go into that trunk without permission; but I must confess I was nearly as curious about the thorns as Millie was.

There were no visible thorns among the white waxy blossoms, and we searched every nook and cranny in that old trunk without avail. Then Millie tried on the long white silk golves without any fingers in them, fitted the wreath and veil on her candy braids, and begged to be allowed to try the wedding gown on. I slipped the ivory taffeta dress with its heavy lace trimmings over her head, and struggled to fasten up the many jooks. I was having quite a tug to get the waist band fastened, when Alfie started to choke. He choked until he went black in the face.

Millie slapped him on the back, and I put my finger down his throat and he gave it up. It was a wax bud that had fallen from the wreath and the wax had melted as it went down his throat, and the cotton filling popped out and nearly choked him. Millie and I stood there staring at one another, with the same thought in our minds: "Lucky for us he hadn't swallowed any thorns."

Then we heard the tinkle of Hank's little spurs on the kitchen floor. He had heard Alfie's cries, and there was no time for us to conceal anything. We held the door until our strength gave out. Hank took advantage of the situation at once. He knew he had the whip in hand, and intended to wield it.

He got the big brown wrapping paper that had come on the last mail order package and said, "Pack up your things, Millie, and I will take you home, because you will likely have to go to jail if you stay."

Millie rolled her stuff in the brown paper and went without a murmur. I knew it was the end of a lovely friendship, and I couldn't see any loophole at the time.

I heard Hank say, as they rode away, "Hold onto those saddle straps Millie, and keep your pegeon toes out of this horse's flanks." And I knew Millie was in for a rough ride.

Gooding

MY MOTHER'S FOOTSTEPS WERE VERY HARD TO FOLLOW

I had lost the best friend I had in the world, my mother; and after I had recovered a little from the unexpected loss I went to the school to tell my teacher that I wouldn't be back for a few weeks.

She was an elderly spinster with a square jaw and thick rimmed glasses. We called her "Flint Heart" behind her back.

The classes were in session when I arrived, and she came out into the hallway to speak to me. She said, "You have come for your books?" There was a lump in my throat and I couldn't answer, just stood there dumb with misery.

The next thing I knew she had her arms around me and I was weeping bitter tears all over the front of her stiffly starched linen shirt waist, and she was crying too, as she said, "I lost my mother when I was ten."

Her heart was pure gold instead of flint, but I had to lose my mother to find it out. The pupils would have been very much astonished if they had seen the little scene that was enacted in the hallway that day.

As time went on we received advice from sone and help from others, and relatives offered to take the children, but father said one just couldn't divide up a family like eggs in a basket, and we decided to keep together no matter how difficult the going.

The first year was very trying for everybody. There were housekeepers and some were good and others not so good, while all were more conferned about their wages than they were about a family of motherless

children.

I cam home from school one day to find that small Toby had run away from home. I went to the cave in the banks of the coulee where they played pirates, and there he was, sound asleep with his best clothes tied up in a sugar sack; and no amount of persuasion on my part would induce him to return home. The the story came out.

It seems that the housekeeper, who had a very fine head of long hair, which incidentally, was her only claim to beauty, sat in the rocking chair each morning after we had gone to school reading "Thorn and Orange Blossoms", while Toby stood on a small stool behind the chair and at her command gave her hair a hundred strokes with the hair brush.

Toby couldn't count very well and he got confused and then he had to start all over again. He showed me two small knotted lumps of muscle that had accumulated on his forearms from wielding the brush.

We asked her to leave and find another hairdresser. The next one who came wasn't so fussy about her hair so she remained longer, but we were very unhappy with our housekeepers.

I begged my father to give me a chance, and after much misgiving he consented. My first battle was with a start of ever lasting yeast that I either kept too hot or too cold and I had to replenish from a neighbor's supply again and again before I learned to keep it alive and working.

While I was having my difficulties with the yeast I arose many a morning with visions of the bread I had mixed the night before running over the pan only to face the disappointment of finding it

exactly as I had left it.

House plants were frozen because I had failed to remove them from the window, and I forgot to put salt in the butter and in the bread. Father brought a guest home for lunch one day, and I made a chocolate cake. When he saw the cake he said, "Well, what have we here, a chocolate pudding?" I quickly switched the plates for pudding dishes and so it passed for pudding -- or did it?

I put a pink gingham apron in the boiler with the white clothes, and father's white shirts retained their pinkish tint until they were completely worn out.

I tried to make a pair of pants for a small fellow when the need was urgent, but there was something wrong. When I tried them on he couldn't stoop over or sit down in them. I rolled them up and put them away thinking I would sleep on the problem, but that evening I saw Maria, a neighbor of ours, coming across the field with her sewing bag and a big pair of shears.

She said, "Alfie told me you made him a pair of pants that he couldn't sit or stoop in. Now you fetch them out and we will see what can be done with them."

That was one time I didn't resent her interest, and I brought out the roll of material with the pair of pants. She soon discovered that I had cut out the front and the back section by the same pattern, so we had to cut a new back for them.

Seein small children wearing the white symbol on Mother's Day always opens the door to poignant memories.

Gooding

NOW IF ONLY WE HAD A RAILWAY --

There was a day, according to the old timers, when a lady of some social standing or one who claimed no social standing whatever, could climb atop a drum-laden wagon piloted by one of the long-lined skinners of that day and ride from the oilfield to Okotoks where they could catch the train for the north or the south. But this was 20 years ago.

Some of these long-lined skinners who were famous for their skill in piloting their six-horse drum-laden wagons over the road between the Oilfields and Okotoks are still living and working in the fields today, only their work is of a different nature. There was Kelly Lish, Slim Smith, the late Sandy MacNab, Scottie Baillie, Andy Stewart, famous skinner of the old Caribou trail, Bill Hay, Lige Hoskins, Walter Rennard and Sam Johnson. well known for his leather-throwing in the annual chuck w wagon races at the Calgary Stampede.

I was about to write that the old-line skinners had had their day, but the way history keeps repeating itself, the question persists in popping up, Have they? Only time will tell.

The first truck that covered this route was sent out by the Southern Alberta and piloted by Harry Patten, who still resides in the Valley, and whose ears still burn as he recalls the many cussings he received for the long-lined skinners who disputed the right of way with him over that single-track road. They may also have resented his popularity with the ladies, who no doubt preferred to ride in the cab of a truck than perched atop a load of drums.

Oilfields people have lived in hopes that some day a branch line of the

railroad would be extended to the fields, but after all these years one of the major oilfields of the workd is still 17 miles from the railroad, and its very existence as an oilfield depends on the big transports that carry us the necessities of life and distribute our products to the outside markets.

In the evening when the weather is clear, we can stand on the top of one of our high hills and see the glow of Calgary's lights, and we know we can reach the city in a modern car in 45 minutes if the roads are good.

Here we are in one of the busiest places on the map, yet we might as well be on the mountains of Tibet when the roads are bad. We depend a great deal on these tramsports.

Turner Valley people realized more than ever these past few weeks just how isolated and dependent we are on the transportation when the passenger bus was routed to Black Diamond, and many of them walked the two miles to that village carrying their luggage, only to be told when they arrived that the bush had already taken the quota of passengers permitted on the soft roads, and they had to walk to the village again, still carrying their luggage. Kelly Lish or Slim Smith throwing the leather would have been a welcome sight on these occasions.

There are ladies today of social standing who would not be averse to riding on the transports, but the law says they must not ride, and so the drivers go their lonely way alone.

One transport driver we know says his conscience pricks him sorely when he has to pass up what he terms "a perfect little honey" on the half-milescorner and she throws him a reproachful look as he bowls around

around the corner on leather cushions with a nice roomy calb all to himself.

Asked where oil deposits were most likely to be found, one schoolboy replied, "A long way from the railroad, where they have only mule-trains." I am not convinced that this was entirely a boner. If I had been doing the marking I would have given him a high rating.

Wherever oil is found, whether it be in Persia, California, Mexico or in our own Turner Valley, the first problem is that of transportation and if we scan the oil history of Alberta we will find that this has been a major problem right from the first.

Development was retarded for many years in the Western Lakes district because there was no way of transporting heavy oilwell machinery over rough mountain trails. Another difficulty that could not be bridged at the time was the lack of refineries nearer than Sarnia in the east and Vancouver in the west.

Mules taken into the district to haul supplies were sold to the ranchmen at a bargin when the oilmen departed and were used to now and rake the green meadows and plow the land. The Indians called them wo-backs and were always trying to trade their Indian plugs for them.

While we in Turner Valley have never had to resort to transporting our products on the backs of mules, there have been times when a husky pair of mules inclined to pull in the right direction would have been a welcome sight on that 17-mile stretch between Okotoks and the Oilfields.

The driver of the big transports have on occasion, been accused of hogging the roads, but they are usually the most considerate and courteous fellows

in the world. They know they must keep their heavy wheels well up on the bed of the road to avoid sinking into a soft shoulder; oilfields motorists realize this and give them the right of way.

When the history of the oilfield is written, the long-line skinners and the men who blazed the trails with the transports will be given a very important place in its pages for the part they played in its development.

Wedding

OLD MR [illegible] AND THE PLEDGE - OR IT MATTERS [illegible]

We knew something was in the wind when we saw Maria coming our way so early on New Year's Day. She came in panting as though she had been pursued, settled herself in father's big armchair, deliberately removed her overshoes and her fascinator, arranged her skirts carefully around her and sniffed at the little fancy bottle of smelling salts she carried in her crocheted bag.

We knew it was something mighty important when Maria acted like this. When she thought our curiosity had reached its zenith, she burst forth with the remark, 'Just think of it! Samuel's taken the pledge."

We stared at her with doubt in our eyes. We didn't know what a pledge was, but we felt sure that Sam would never take anything that wasn't rightfully his.

Maria loaded my other shoulder and she read it out loud. It said that each child pledged on its honour not to touch any intoxicating liquor from January first of that year until December 31, and it certainly did look like Sam's signature. We were quite familiar with that, for he had several times written notes for us to the school teacher, when we had lingered around the forge in his little workshop too long and been late for school. What would have been rum to take the pledge did not we could understand.

Mother said, 'Did he do it voluntarily, Maria?' She drew herself up in a very dignified manner and said, 'There was no physical persuasion, I can assure you.'

Mother hastened to make Maria a cup of black coffee after this so

smooth her feather [illegible], for he did [illegible] trifled. She had a mysterious look [illegible] all we will know. I have prayed over it [illegible] years, and now the Lord I have prayed for has literally come to you.'

After she had finished her cup of coffee she started to fidget and said, 'I think I will take a run over to Mr. Sadler's to see if I can catch old Kitty. She is kept in the lower field so I'll take her old white bridle home; but I don't know how I could get to go to see others and spread the wonderful news, so she will have to bide down and eat all [illegible] for me.

Hollie [illegible] mother's purse, [illegible] and put her arms around my mother and cried and [illegible] and said, "You will never know what it has meant to me." My mother, to express her sympathy, said, 'Oh, yes I do, Annie, we all have our troubles.' The mutual confidences were [illegible] that Annie arrived with the purse.

As soon as Annie was out of sight, Mother said, 'I hope this burns out better than Sal's conversion did.'

We all remembered that, Annie had been trying for 30 years to get Sam to go to the church with her, but Sam was obstinate; and the only time he went into church were to funerals or weddings. He told me one day that he had no objection to the church but Annie would think he was getting soft if he let her persuade him into going; and besides, he said, "As soon as they get me to going they will preach at me for the things they know I do and I can't stand that." Nobody donated more generously than old Sam, but he couldn't stand the

services.

It was quite a surprise to us when Maria bore the news to us that Samuel had consented to attend the services the following Sunday. He refused to accompany her but assured her he would follow later. Soon after Maria had taken her seat, reserving one for Sam in hopes that he would keep his promise, he arrived, and everybody stared in amazement.

The minister asked if there were any notices anyone would like to give out and they stared more than ever when Sam arose and said, "Yes, sir, there is something I would like to discuss with the people; and I believe this is a good place to do it."

Maria had need to be proud, for Sam was not only in church but he was going to make a speech. He looked a little awkward and out of place up there, not knowing what to do with his hands; and I knew he could explain himself better if he stood over the anvil with the blacksmith's hammer in his hand.

Maria began to fidget and flutter her handkerchief as he said, "Now look here, you people, for years I have donated every time you ask me to for any cause that I thought was right and just; and now I have a grievance that I would like to air, and I would like you to give it due consideration."

The people shifted uneasily in their seats, for they sensed that something unusual was about to happen. Then Sam continued with his speech, "Do you think it fair while you [illegible] of the Lord that your tongue, as hard to use [illegible]

[illegible] my first bullies just because my boss happens to be the nearest one to the church? How will I know the right thing to do in that case to be doing this year. I certainly need really your wise counsel, but this is open only unto you; and I would like you people to reject my plight and provide your counsel in the matter.'

After [illegible] left the church [illegible] in Troy. Maria went into a decline for [illegible] months after [illegible], and [illegible] she was literally [illegible], but [illegible] worry was [illegible]. [illegible] said to herself [illegible] from her cup of bitterness. [illegible] he had [illegible] with it. I [illegible] her heart [illegible] my mother and [illegible] from [illegible].

[illegible] then [illegible] I'll be [illegible] the [illegible] her [illegible] coming over, [illegible] her [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] that [illegible] [illegible]. She came in and [illegible], 'What is it, [illegible]?'

He [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible], and [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] he wouldn't [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]; and [illegible] [illegible]. He said, 'I wouldn't be worried if I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].'

[illegible] [illegible] will [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

Gooding

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] 'DOWN' [illegible] [illegible]

I watched my friend at the [illegible]ve her five-months-old son a bath, and I was amazed at his dexterity in [illegible]ei[illegible]ng a slippery 'bicycle' almost to sitting position, reaching for the [illegible]ustin [illegible]older and [illegible]avin[illegible] it back and forth in a firm grasp.

His mother started giving him what she called bicycle exercises, and he gurgled with delight as his firm, flexible little le[illegible] went round and round. After the bath he was dressed in a light vest, a diaper, and a thin pair of rubbers; and placed in his buggy with a very light cover to have his morning nap.

My grandmother or even my mother would have been more than amazed at these proceedings, and decidedly shocked if anyone had suggested that they peel the many layers of flannel from their five-months-old babies and start giving them bicycle exercises.

An infant's outlook on the world in the days gone by was through the folds of many shawls. They wrapped his little stomach in a band of pure wool flannel, cut on the bias like a bandage. Mother said this was to support his back and keep him from having a pendulous stomach when he grew older. So when my brother Tubby developed quite a corporation before he was four, we thought it might have been because his band was left a little slack, when really it was due to the mugs of warm milk he drank before it went through the separator. Tubby always waited at the corral gates at milking time. He liked his milk fresh from the cow.

After the infant's band was firmly wound in place there was a shirt of purest lamb's wool, and then a flannel barracoat which also had a band which fastened under the arms and was folded and pinned up over

his feet. After that came an embroidered flannel petticoat under the dress of white lawn that almost swept the floor. Then mother held the infant on her knee as she sat in the rocking chair. There was a head wrap of soft wool flannel, and then a large woollen shawl almost as big as a bed quilt. A small pad of cotton was worn on the chin to keep the neck from chafing, on the tucked yoke with the lace trimming.

After many warnings from mother to keep a firm hand on his back, the other members of the family were sometimes permitted to hold the baby; and there were many instructions as to how he was to be cuddled.

He was kept wrapped in shawls the first six months, and when it was time for his daily bath the house had to be well heated. A fire was built in the wood stove, with a big pan of chips near by to keep it roaring. All windows were closed down, and by no means were we permitted to open the outer doors while the bath was in progress. If you were out you had to stay out, until the infant was safely back in his cradle again.

There was an old superstition that an infant that viewed himself in the mirror would die before he was a year old. While we didn't exactly believe it, we were not careless enough to take any chances, and always covered his face when we passed a mirror.

Mother's remedy for colic was a few drops of brandy in a little warm water with sweetening added. This was mixed and sampled in the pantry, then taken to my mother who sampled it in turn and then gave it to the sick infant with the same spoon. We were not troubled much by germs in those days, and the spoon was passed along without any misgivings whatever.

It was considered very unfortunate though, for an infant to be raised

on cow's milk, and the midwife of us that such a one was never as clever as those who had been nursed by their mothers.

Tubby was very fond of playing nursemaid, and it was surprising how quiet he kept the infant; but he was quickly ousted from his position when he discovered that he was allowing the baby to suck his thumb, which was done too often at any time.

When the time came for the christening, there were many arguments as to whether the infant should be named after one of mother's or one of father's relatives. When I asked my mother whom I was named after, she said, " Your first name was your grandmother's, and your second name was supplied at the altar by your father who likely had an old sweet heart by that name."

Father told me that when the minister said, 'Just one name?" the one they had chosen seemed so inadequate that he supplied another on the spur of the moment. Mother rose to protest but it was too late, and the ceremony was over.

The shortening and the teething periods were both very critical ones in the life of the infant. When the flannels were shortened and the shawl laid aside, one never knew whether he would take pneumonia or not.

When the teeth began to bother, we took turns at looking into his mouth and running our fingers along the gums to see if we could feel them. When they were near the surface, mother sent for the midwife who came and took a look also. We waited breathlessly for the decision. Yes, they were ready for the popping. She took a small Canadian nickel that she had used for the purpose many times, and ran it along the tender gums while the infant howled lustily; and we ran to tell the

neighbors. our baby had cut its first teeth.

Gooding

PIONEER WEDDING

Father Usually Helped to Get the Couple Started

In the early days, the young men, when they reached the age of 18 or more, began to think seriously of marriage, and usually started to accumulate a few horses and cattle, and tried to get a quarter section of land, with the idea of starting a home of their own.

It was the custom for the father to present him with a quarter section if he was the owner of much land, and a few cattle to start out. The young man had usually earned what he got before the wedding, for in those days the sons usually served at hom until their marriage, receiving no wages. If the father didn't help them out he was considered pretty mean, and then there was a longer engagement until the future bridegroom could get a piece of land and build a log cabin for his bride.

It was the custom to take a wedding trip to the eastern provinces or to the United States, which would usually be a visit to some of the bride's or the bridggroom's relatives, and the couple would usually be away for a month or more.

The money for these trips was secured in various way, but one which was always sure of bringing ready cash was trapping, and many of the boys mande their wedding stake setting and caring for their traps winter after winter.

The mother of the bride would usually send out cards of invitation to the wedding reception, which would be held as soon as the bride

and groom returned from their wedding trip; and there was no class distinction here, everybody was invited.

I have one of these cards in my possession now, a small, very neatly engraved card sent to my mother requesting her presence at the reception of the lady's daughter, which also gives the time and the place and the date of the reception.

My mother never attended this reception, for the wedding didn't come off according to schedule. The night before the wedding the bride ran away with an old sweetheart.

Across the face of the card someone had written with a very fine pen, and it looks very much like my father's writing, "The best laid scheme of mice and men gang aft a-gley."

The women prophesied that the runaway bride would never be happy, but my secret opinion of the whole affair -- which wouldn't have been considered, because I was very young -- was that the bride was very brave and courageous to run away with the man she loved. Of course, I felt sorry for the jilted bridegroom, but he soon found someone else, and was married within the year, so everything turned out all right. I have never heard whether the bride reaped sorrow for running away or not, as she left the district.

Two young ladies who had just returned from their wedding trip, and who had a double wedding, called on my mother and father to consult them about plans for the reception to be held in the school. My father managed the dance floor on these occasions, and the young ladies had brought a parcel filled with wax candles, with which they wanted him to wax the floor so they would be able to do the

"Buffalo Glide", a popular dance of that day, as smoothly as possible.

They wore skycraper hats of pink and blue chiffon shirred over wire foundations, and tilted high in front with the trimming under the brim. The dresses were Gibson Girl style of silk mull, with small rosebuds and forget-me-nots strewn over the cream-colored material. They looked very grand to a small girl who was lost in admiration.

My father, who watched them from the window as they tripped down the path, perhaps thinking of another day when he walked down the aisle in his single breasted coat with rounded corners, and the tight trousers with bell bottoms, said, "They do put on the dog, don't they mother?" And my mother, thinking of the days when she wore her wedding finery, said, "Well, let them have a good time while they can."

I carried the candles for my father as he whittled them up with a sharp knife and distributed the whilte curls over the floor of the dance hall. The floor was of very good hardwood, and I was delighted when we finished the waxing, and said, "All right, now we will have a waltz." He guilded me around the floor on my tiptoes, and I tried hard to keep from stepping on his toes, while he whistled the tune of "After the Ball is Over," Then he said, "Don't tell them we had the first waltz."

That evening the brides' fathers led them out into the grand march which preceded the dance, and then turned them over to the waiting bride-grooms, who had the first waltz with them. From then on, it seemed to be a mad scramble on the part of the men to get at least one dance

with the brides, who wore their wedding dresses without the veil and blossoms. The wedding dresses and the ruffled underskirts usually got very soiled before the dance was over, for they wore them very long.

At midnight, the supper waltz was played, and everyone went to the school rooms below, where the ladies had prepared a banquet and the brides' cake was cut in small peices and distributed.

My mother saved these small samples of cake from many weddings, and one day when she was out we had a tea party for our playmates, and not having any cake on hand, we served the samples. They were very dry, and when my guests complained, I told them,"My mother says that they improve with age."

Later that evening, when the lady of the house became suspicious over the crumbs around, I learned that it was poor policy to carry one's hospitality too far.

Everyone took a gift to the newly weds, and some of these would seem very strange today. They couldn't all be placed on the table for the guests to view, for some of them had to be kept outside. The live-stock, such as chickens, a weaner pig, a calf, or maybe a cow, were all gratefully accepted.

After the wedding reception and dance was over, the gifts were loaded in a wagon, and the bride and groom were accompanied to their new home by some of the young people, on horseback. A fire was laid in the stove, and then, with joking and good wishes, they departed looking back a little enviously now and then as they viewed the lights from the kerosene lamp and the newly-laid fire gleaming out into the

night, and wondering who would be the next bride and groom.

The quarter section of land, with the new log cabin in the clearing and the gleam of the lamp from the window, signified more than just that; it was another home in the making, a very important link in the building of the west.